

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

MODEL ORCHARD.

Scientific Apple Culture Will Be Applied in Marion County.

Salem—The Salem Fruit Growers' union is promoting a plan of developing a model orchard of 100 acres near Salem. The orchard is to be devoted to apples and the trees are to be reared under modern scientific methods. The company will invest in suitable land and have it put in the highest state of cultivation by early spring, when it will be planted in the best varieties of apples under the supervision of one of the ablest horticulturists obtainable.

Since this project has been agitated it has also become known that a large eastern syndicate is quietly taking options on several thousand acres of land within 10 miles of Salem. If the necessary quantity can be secured and this fact is now practically certain, these lands will all be similarly treated. The fruit, however, will not be confined to apples, but the land will be planted to whatever fruit it is best adapted to.

This movement is one of the most important in the history of the fruit development in Marion county, and will do much toward advancing the fruit interests in the Willamette valley. The method of this syndicate is to sell the orchards in small tracts to eastern buyers.

GOOD ROADS FOR MARION.

Big Mass Meeting Will Convene at Salem for This Purpose.

Salem—Marion county is to have good roads. A movement has been started to interest the people of the entire county in a campaign for better highways. To secure the widest co-operation, a mass meeting has been called for December 8, 9 and 10, when farmers and business men will seriously consider the advancement of the county, the building up of the rural communities and the gathering of funds to further the work.

Already eight road districts are making special levies of taxes for road building. They are scattered well over the county, showing something of the interest in the movement.

It is believed that the coming year will see an unparalleled development of good road building in Marion county. For this reason a good start is desired, and the co-operation of every man in the county is earnestly sought.

The principal business of the meeting will be to devise methods of securing funds for the promotion of permanent road work. This is an all important topic in connection with the movement, and it is probable that there will be ideas advanced which will be of wonderful value to every one.

There are 50 road districts in the county. Each of these districts has a supervisor, and it is probable nearly all of the supervisors will be here. The meeting is for every man, no matter what his occupation or his standing in the community, so long as he is interested in road building.

New Corporations.

Salem—Articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state as follows:

Astoria Lodge, No. 180, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; incorporators, R. J. Pilkington, J. C. Clinton, W. C. Laws, F. J. Carney and F. C. Fox.

Bijou company; principal office Portland; capital stock, \$5000; incorporators, G. A. Metzger, I. L. Cohen and Helena F. Adams.

Portland Stationery & Woodenware company; principal office, Portland; capital stock, \$150,000; incorporators, C. D. Bruun, T. Wallace Boist and Charles C. Duncan.

Notarial Commissions.

Salem—Notarial commissions have been issued to Ben M. Patterson, Cornucopia; Joe M. Flaherty, Lebanon; T. J. McClary, Gates; A. C. Morgan, Morgan; John W. Oliver, G. L. Webb, Isaac Sweet, M. A. M. Ashley and Alice Agler, Portland; M. Langley, Forest Grove; T. T. Bennett, Marshfield; J. L. Campbell, Glendale; Bartlett Cole, H. F. Conner and D. J. Forbes, Portland; Walter J. Logus, Nehalem; Samuel G. White, Cove; E. D. Whiting, La Grande; LeRoy Park, The Dalles; E. W. Haines, Forest Grove; C. W. Corby, Newberg, and Lot L. Pearce, Salem.

First Bank for Curry County.

Port Orford—Curry county is to have a bank, the first institution of the kind that has ever opened its doors to the patronage of that wealthy section of Oregon, says the Coos Bay Harbor. A county nearly as large as the state of Rhode Island and without a bank is an item of more than passing interest. The bank will be at Port Orford. George D. Wood, of Appleton, Wis., who made an inspection of the county early last fall, is the prime factor in the enterprise.

New Telephone Line Ready.

Ontario—The new independent line connecting Ontario with Burns, Drewsey and Harney, a distance of 150 miles, is now completed, and Manager E. A. Fraser, of the M. M. company, was the first man at this end of the line to talk over the long distance line. This new line now gives direct communication between Ontario, Vale, Westfall, Beulah, Drewsey, Harney and Burns.

Governor Benson Returns.

Salem—Governor Benson and Dr. R. E. L. Steiner, superintendent of the state asylum for the insane, at Salem, arrived at the capital from the south, where both went early last week to enjoy a short duck-shooting trip on the coast at Winchester bay, at the mouth of the Umpqua river, in Douglas county.

Box Factory at Klamath Falls.

Klamath Falls—W. F. Barnes is establishing a box factory near the depot, where he purposes to use the output of the Meadow Lake mill. The plant will use 3,000,000 feet of lumber annually.

FRUIT MEN TO GATHER.

State Horticultural Society to Convene in Portland.

Oregon fruit growers from the orchard districts in every part of the state will meet in Portland next week for the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Oregon State Horticultural Society. In addition to the business sessions of the society, which are of great interest to horticulturists generally, it is expected that the finest display of apples ever made in Portland will be shown in the auditorium on the fifth floor of the Meier & Frank annex where the sessions of the society will be held.

About \$1000 in premiums in cash and medals will be offered exhibitors for the best fruit displays, and this feature of the meeting promises to be a notable one.

Many who are interested both in horticulture and in dairying will attend both the meetings of the Horticultural society and those of the Oregon State Dairy association, which will hold its meetings in the Woodmen of the World hall immediately following the horticultural society meeting. The railroad have offered special rates of a fare and a third for the round trip for both meetings.

Valley of Orchards.

The Rogue river valley now has some of the largest orchards in Oregon. Thousands of acres are given to apples and pears, the latter having been very profitable in recent years. One of the largest orchards in the valley, if not the largest in the state, is that of the Western Orchards company, consisting of 1050 acres, all set to young trees. The farm consists of 1700 acres, all of which will be set to trees within the next few years. Next spring 250 acres will be set to apples and pears, the land having received special cultivation this year. The orchard now represents \$240,000, and is owned by men in Chicago, who became interested in Oregon fruitgrowing a few years ago. J. A. Westerlund, an old railroad man, is manager of the property.

Less Rain at Eugene.

Eugene—During the month of November, just passed, the total rainfall, according to the records kept by the local weather observer, was 9.15 inches, which is more than three inches less than fell at Portland and four or more inches than at Tacoma. The average at Eugene is about three inches and a half, although there is no official record for the past years, as there has been no weather observer here until the past two years.

Newport Short of Fuel.

Newport—With wood all around us, dry wood cannot be had in the local markets. Dealers say they cannot get enough out in the summer to last during the winter, yet there are people who complain that there is no work to be had. Dealers offer good wages to woodcutters, but few there are who care to labor.

Prineville—The Redmond Commercial club has launched a systematic campaign for a direct county road from Prineville to Redmond. The club is conferring with the county court, and is taking other steps to get plans perfected for the new road.

Country Schools Costs \$16,000.

Freewater—To erect a school costing \$16,000 in a district where a few years ago the land was worthless, is the accomplishment of the Ferndale school district, three miles north of Freewater.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.15; club, \$1.03; red Russian, \$1.01½; valley, \$1; Turkey red, \$1.04; forty-fold, \$1.04.

Barley—Feed, \$23.50; brewing \$28.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$33.50; cracked, \$31.50 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$31@31.50 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15@19 per ton; eastern Oregon, \$18@21; alfalfa, \$16@16.50; clover, \$15@16; cheat, \$15@16; grain hay, \$15@16.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 per box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; quinces, \$1.25@1.50 per box; cranberries, \$9@9.50 per barrel.

Potatoes—Oregon, 60@70¢ per sack; sweet potatoes, 1½¢ per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 75¢ per doz.; beans, 10¢ per pound; cabbage, ¼¢@1¢ per pound; celery, \$3.75@4 per crate; horseradish, 9@10¢ per dozen; pumpkins, 1@1½¢; sprouts, 5¢ per pound; squash, \$1@1.10; tomatoes, 75¢@81¢.

Sack Vegetables—Turnips, 75¢@81¢ per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; rutabagas, \$1.10 per sack; parsnips, \$1.25.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36¢; fancy outside creamery, 32½@36¢ per pound; store, 22½@24¢. (Butter fat prices average 1½¢ per pound under regular butter prices.)

Eggs—Fresh Oregon, extras, 45¢ per dozen; eastern, 32@38¢ per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 15@15½¢; springs, 15@15½¢; roosters, 9@10¢; ducks, 15@16¢; geese, 11@12¢; turkeys, live, 20¢; dressed, 15¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢ per pound.

Veal—Extras, 12@12½¢ per pound.

Cattle—Best steers, \$4.50@4.65; fair to good, \$4@4.25; medium and feeders, \$3.50@3.75; best cows, \$3.50@3.75; medium, \$3@3.75; common to medium, \$2.50@3.75; bulls, \$2@2.50; stags, \$2.50@3.50; calves, light, \$5.25@5.50; heavy, \$4@4.75.

Hogs—Best, \$8@8.10; medium, \$7.50@7.85; stockers, \$4@4.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$4.25@4.75; fair to good, \$3.75@4; best ewes, \$2.75@4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; lambs, \$5@5.35.

Hops—1909 crop, 18@23¢; 1908 crop, nominal; 1907 crop, 12¢; 1906 crop, 8¢.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@22¢ per pound. Mohair—Choice, 25¢ per pound.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF FARMING

Professor Bexell Gives Some Valuable and Interesting Pointers.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Dec. 6.—The Oregon Agricultural college has just issued a bulletin for free distribution emphasizing better business methods on the farm.

Professor Bexell, the author of the bulletin, says in his introduction:

"It is a truism to say that the financial side of farming is of the utmost importance. But the fact remains that this side of the world's greatest industry is almost entirely neglected by both the farmer and the schools. Professor Bailey says on this subject: 'In visiting practically every farm in one of the counties of the state (New York) we did not find one man who knew how much it cost him to produce milk or to raise any of his crops.'

"The secretary of agriculture, in recent year books, points out the remarkable prosperity of the farmer; that the export of farm products is vastly in excess of all other exports combined; that a million agricultural debtors have been transformed during the last ten years into the same number of surplus depositors; that 'contrary to his reputation, the farmer is a great organizer, and he has achieved remarkable and enormous successes in many lines of economic co-operation in which the people of other occupations have either made no beginning at all or have nearly if not completely failed.' He points out that most farmers live better than the average merchant or mechanic.

"The business of farming assumes two distinct phases: the productive phase and the exchange phase. The one aims to extract the treasures from the soil; the other to place them in the hands of the consumer. It is important not only to raise abundant crops, but also to sell the products to advantage.

"The importance of the exchange phase is often lost sight of. A farm may be forced to yield to its maximum capacity, labor may be managed properly and waste reduced to a minimum; and yet the net result may be a loss at the end of the year. As a general economic proposition, it might be said that large crops often result in serious loss to society as a whole. If the net value to the consumer is less than the labor and capital expended on the crop, society is the loser by the difference. Hence the importance of a thorough understanding by the farmer as well as by the merchant and manufacturer of the laws and methods of exchange or commerce.

"That farming is a science has been emphasized so much that the fact that it is also a business is often lost sight of. It is a real business, and one which pays the United States close to eight billion dollars annually. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that no legitimate business pays better than farming. It may be a little more up-hill work at the start, since most farmers begin business with small capital, but it is incomparably safer in the long run, and will insure a competence for old age with greater certainty than any other occupation. But let it ever be borne in mind that the condition for success is that farming must be conducted on business principles.

"Not many generations ago it was considered sufficient for the average manufacturer merely to record his cash receipts and expenditures and to keep a tolerably accurate check on the cash balance. In many instances the left trouser pocket served as the debit side and the right as the credit side of the 'ledger.' Modern business methods and sharp competition have changed these notions until today it is necessary to advance to the smallest detail. Ancient business methods prevail yet, very generally, on the farm. The wonderful progress of the American farmer is due to marvelous natural resources, labor-saving inventions, and natural ingenuity, rather than to wise and prudent management.

"In certain respects a farmer must combine the methods of the manufacturer and the merchant. He must learn not only how to increase production, but also how to facilitate the profitable exchange of his products. He must reduce the cost of production to the minimum by increasing the quality and the quantity of his products, and by getting full value out of labor. He must manage so that his working force, farm hands, children, horses, all are constantly employed. This requires most skillful management in the rotation of crops, in the division of labor, in selecting seeds, fertilizers and stock, and, above all, it requires general prudence in purchasing equipment and supplies, and in marketing products. This class of farmers require a variety of records to assist in the proper management of their business. A first-class set of books is just as indispensable to them as to the banker or to the manufacturer."

The bulletin is illustrated with 20 full-page engravings. It will be sent free on request. Address Professor J. A. Bexell, Corvallis, Ore.

Missing Rosenjack Seen.

Cherry, Ill., Dec. 6.—Admission late today by Fred H. Buck, clerk in the office of the St. Paul Mining company, that he had seen and talked with Alexander Rosenjack, the missing witness who, it is believed, can clear up the cause of the recent mine disaster, came as a climax to a day of interesting developments in the investigations by the coroner and the state investigating committee. Buck told the jury that he had seen Rosenjack in Cherry last night, and made no effort to advise the authorities of his whereabouts.

Citizenship in Balance.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 6.—Hundreds of persons in Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Utah may lose their citizenship rights as the result of orders received in Denver today by Theodore Schmeucker, chief of the naturalization bureau here. The victims will include all who have received their final certificates within 30 days of a general election of a local nature, and who voted on the strength of the granting of the certificates.

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Dacre was a very persevering young woman, nor was she restrained by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing her designs. Hitherto she had rather liked Mrs. Saville in a surface fashion, flattering herself that she was a favorite with the stern little woman.

On this supposed favoritism she was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore somewhat appalled when the sounds of voices and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to which the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about tea-time, when Mrs. Saville had come in from a short stroll with her confidential adviser, and Hope had descended from her own room, where she had enjoyed a couple of hours' solitude. These sounds were followed by the appearance of Miss Dacre, Saville, Lumley and Lord Everton.

"So sorry you were not able to come to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush in where the sharper-sighted fear to tread; "so we have all come over to inquire for you. You are looking quite pale. You see I have brought poor Lord Everton, who is so distressed at being expelled from this paradise. You really must make friends. He could not foresee that things would go wrong, and he is so sorry. Now, for my sake, dear Mrs. Saville, you must forgive him, you are such near relations."

"Connections, you mean," corrected Mrs. Saville, a bitter smile curling her lip. "If Lord Everton chooses to come, I can only admire his forgiving nature and accept the olive-branch!"

"You are, as ever, just and generous," returned the impecunious peer, with a delightful bow and smile. "I am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly suggest."

Mrs. Saville turned from him with undisguised contempt, and addressed herself to George Lumley.

"So you are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or your troop, get on without your valuable assistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over every other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Herondyke?"

"Here's a metal more attractive," said Lumley, melodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures.

"Metal! Yes, I dare say. I sometimes wonder if you are as foolish as you seem, George."

"Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know I haven't many ideas."

"Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have," scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Dacre, in a low tone, drawing a chair to the tea-table, where Hope Desmond presided. "You look pale and ill, and as if you had been crying. Pray forgive me," she added, seeing the quick color rise in her victim's cheek, "but I knew quite well you could not stand Mrs. Saville for long, in a low tone."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hope, smiling a brave defiance. "Don't you think I am likely to have worries and bad news apart from poor Mrs. Saville?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it did not occur to me. She is not popular, you know, though I always get on with her. I am going to play a bold stroke just now; it will astonish you all. Nothing venture nothing have, you know."

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold," quoted Miss Desmond, with a somewhat tremulous smile.

"She has been crying—I am certain she has; though she is braving it out. At any rate, she is going to stick to Mrs. Saville. I wonder what she is saying to George Lumley. Nothing amiable, I am sure."

Here Lord Everton, who had been speaking to Saville, and of whom the mistress of the house had not taken the slightest notice, approached and begged for a cup of tea.

"It is a beverage of which I am extremely fond," he said, "and I think a decided liking for tea ought to be a patent of respectability to any man. You have been a good deal on the Continent, I believe, Miss Desmond?"

"I have traveled occasionally in my aunt's lifetime."

"Ah! and enjoyed it, I dare say?"

"Yes; but I also enjoy returning to England."

"Indeed! Well, I do not. The mo-

ment I set foot on my native soil, I cease to be a free man; invisible detectives put me in social irons; cruel warders imprison me with adamant barriers, where I am obliged to eat and drink and speak and have my being according to rigid rules. I must give my money for what satisfeth not, and go to the funeral hostilities frequented by my peers. I must don evening dress, and wear unlimited purple and fine linen. Then my exasperating relatives will pester me with invitations, because they think they must not neglect that poor old beggar Everton. Now, on the other side of the Channel my only habitation is an airy bedroom, outside which a whole world of cafes and restaurants are before me where to choose my breakfast and dinner, where I meet pleasant, intelligent people of every shade of opinion, with whom I can converse freely in happy ignorance of their names and condition, as they are of mine; and occasionally I stumble on old acquaintances who enjoy life in my own fashion, cheerfully accepting the contemptuous treatment of Dame Fortune, who in emptying our pockets also relieved us of tiresome responsibilities. It is wonderful the clearness of judgment and general enlightenment of those who are not weighed down by this world's goods."

"I dare say you are right, Lord Everton. Still, a few of them are advantageous; though I do not see that money can purchase any essential of life."

"That depends very much on what you consider essentials."

"That is true—But Miss Dacre is going to make a speech, for that young lady had said, in an audible tone, 'I am going to tell you a story.'"

"I know," whispered Lord Everton. "If her pockets had always been empty, she would have known better how to hold her tongue."

"This story came to me in a letter from the wife of a cousin of mine whose cousin was eye-witness of the adventure," Miss Dacre was saying, as she posed herself on an ottoman and every one turned towards her. "Scene a dark, stormy night, a distant sea, one of Her Majesty's big ships tossing about on the waves, which make nothing of her bigness. Young sailor, doing something incomprehensible with a rope or ropes, loses hold or balance and drops into the black depths of the raging waters. Captain orders boats to be lowered. 'He'll be gone before you can reach him,' they say. 'He can't swim,' cries another officer, throwing off his boots while he spoke, and springing over a board.

"This is suicide," exclaimed the captain. The young officer is a huge favorite with the crew, the crew work with a will, the boat is lowered, a lifeboat probably, they surmount the waves and slide into the watery hollows, they come up with the gallant lieutenant, who is supporting the senseless sailor and nearly exhausted himself, they drag them into the boat, they regain the ship, the men crowd round the whatever you call it where they get on board, their cheers ring above the roar of the storm, the rescued and rescuer are safe!"

"Most dramatic," said Lord Everton. "Worthy of Brandram," added George Lumley.

"I don't exactly see—" began Richard Saville.

"No, of course you do not; there is nothing to see exactly," interrupted Miss Dacre, quickly.

"I have heard the tale before. The only difference is that the weather was not quite so stormy as your correspondent represents it," said Mr. Rawson, playing with his double glasses.

"It was really much worse than I represent," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with an air of profound conviction.

"Now, does no one want the name of my hero?"

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Saville sat silent in her arm-chair. Lumley's laughing eyes sought Miss Desmond's, but she was sheltered behind a massive urn which always appeared at tea-time. Only Lord Everton rose to the occasion.

"I am dying of curiosity, my dear Miss Dacre," he said languidly.

"Name! name!" cried Lumley.

"Hugh Saville!" said Miss Dacre, rising and assuming an attitude.

"I thought so," said Richard.

"Just like him!" cried Lumley, cordially.

"Give me your arm, Mr. Rawson. I have letters to show you in my study. I avoided church because I did not think prayers or sermon would improve my headache. I did not bargain for being obliged to sit out a dramatic recital," said Mrs. Saville, dryly, then added to the company, "You will excuse me, I do not feel equal to general conversation," and she touched Mr. Rawson's with the finger-tip of her right hand, and walked with much dignity through the door which Lord Everton with a sad and solemn

expression of countenance held open. As soon as she had passed, he closed it gently, and advancing a step or two, glanced from one to the other with a comic look of dismay that both Lumley and Saville laughed.

"Courage such as yours, my dear Miss Dacre, deserved success; and yet it has not been successful," he said, with an air of deep sympathy, to the fair narrator, and sat on the ottoman beside which she sat.

"I never saw any one like Mrs. Saville—never!" cried Miss Dacre, growing red with disappointment and mortification. "I really hoped that such a story of bravery and humanity would have done something towards softening her heart; and I flatter myself I did it pretty well."

"If you had asked my advice," said Richard Saville, "I could have told you it would be simple waste of breath."

"But," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with a sound of tears in her voice, "Mrs. Saville always used to mind what I said, and—and seemed so fond of me I was rather proud of it, she likes a few people."

"I am afraid there is some difference between past and present," said Lumley, pushing a chair forward. "Come, Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him of your championship."

"You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes, I will have a cup of tea. My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had I dared to utter such words to the Lion of Ingleswood. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle. I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frightfully upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way."

"What penal servitude!"

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it would not be honest to run away from them."

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "Just walk back to the court and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Desmond."

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. "I will escort my uncle to the court, and return for you." Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and the gentlemen left them.

(To be continued.)

A Quick Change.

Mr. Newcar (about to start on his first trip in his recently purchased motor car, to his chauffeur)—Now, William, I want it thoroughly understood I will not have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is fast enough for me. What I want is comfort, not excitement. Do you understand?

Three days later, "Er—er—William, I must be back to the house by 7 o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later, "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead—it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day, "Put on a little more speed, William. There's no use in being in a crank. This road is too good to lose the chance."

A week later, "Open her up, William! There are no police within five miles. I'll bet, and if there are, who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her zip! Let her zip! This is no steam roller! Let's have some speed!"—Life.

What He Remembered.

"An' ye fell from a window, Jerry! How far wuz it ye fell?"

"Tin stories."

"Well, well! That was a great fall! And what did you think on your way down?"

"Begorry, I didn't think of nothin' until I passed the fifth story. This I remembered I left me pipe on the window sill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Delicate Hint.

"Poor Miss Oldgirl! Did you hear of the job she got at the seedsmen's?"

"No; what was it?"

"She told the man she had a little garden of her own and asked him to recommend some suitable plant. He gave her one look and then suggested a wallflower."—Baltimore American.

A Changeless Name.

De Quiz—Was that an unmarried woman you met just now?

De Whiz—Yes, I knew her several years ago. How her face has changed!

De Quiz—Has it? Well, when a woman's face changes as much as that she can never hope to change her name, too.

The Old Man's Joke.